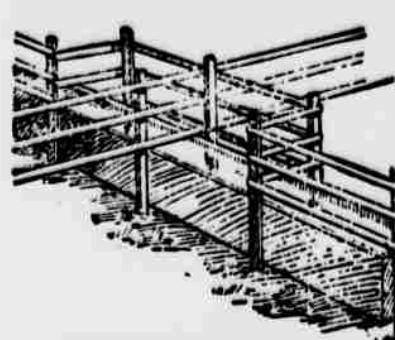




COMBINATION CATTLE TANK

Ingenious Arrangement Whereby a Long, Large Trough Can Be Made to Serve Four Separate Fields.



CATTLE TANK FOR FOUR FIELDS.

Not infrequently the cattle feeder has occasion to arrange a tank in such a manner that as many cattle as possible can be served from the same watering place. If there is any difficulty it will generally occur when the cattle are in three or four yards. Obviously there is not much trouble when only two yards are concerned when four yards have been in use we

do not know of many farmers who have succeeded in solving the difficulty to their entire satisfaction.

The plan presented in our illustration hardly needs any description, inasmuch as there is very little detail that is not shown in the cut.

One great advantage of a form of this kind, says the Prairie Farmer, is that one large tank is used so that a considerable body of water is kept together which retains a more even temperature in both summer and winter. The artist has shown the fencing as made of light material. Obviously this must be of more than usual strength since there is also crowding at a watering tank which must be provided against by extra strong fence material. If this plan is properly adapted to yard conditions there is no reason to doubt its usefulness.

WE PAY FOR POOR ROADS.

The Impassable or Heavy Highways Are Unprofitable to the Farmers.

People generally assume that they pay for roads only when they are assessed for road construction or when they pay the annual road tax. The charge for poor roads, however, is one that is as sure as that we pay for the construction of good roads. The man in the city pays very little for poor roads, because his business does not require him to keep horses and wagons. Usually he walks to his work, and if he has a carriage, it is a luxury, and also it is a light carriage, and poor roads do not interfere very much with its transit. The farmer, however, is very dependent upon the public highway. No matter how poor the road may be, he is compelled to use it. It is no question with him of taking a ride in a light buggy, it is a question of pulling heavy loads over such a road, and this means tremendous wear on the wagon, on the harnesses, and on the horses. More than once, declares the Farmers' Review, we have received communications from farmers saying that the roads were so bad they could not haul their produce to market. This has been generally in townships where the soil was of a clayey formation, which is very retentive of moisture, and dries out slowly. Moreover, when it does dry it leaves the road rutted and rough. The farmer pays for poor roads, first by the extra force that his horses must exert in pulling a load over these roads. Every pound of energy wasted costs the farmer money in the form of oats and other feeds. His second loss is in time. Frequently twice as much time is being consumed in hauling a load to market over rough roads as over good roads. The third loss comes in the frequent accidents to the wagons and horses. Not infrequently an axle is broken and the whole load has to be transferred to another wagon at a great loss of time. It is only a matter of economy for rural communities to have as good roads as they can afford to build, whether those roads be of gravel, dirt, or other construction. The man in the city can get along for some weeks without supplies from the country, but in the meantime the supplies that the farmer should sell are decaying in his cellar.

Trees on Unprepared Land.
I think just as good results can be secured on unprepared land as in any ground, providing the trees are properly set out and the grass and sod kept away from around the roots and the tree. The ground about the tree must be properly hoed or cultivated during the following summer or a heavy mulch placed around it. The proper way, and in fact the only way, says a writer in the Farmers' Review, for such ground is to use a tamping bar to firm the soil around the roots when setting the tree. The dirt can not be tamped firm enough with the feet. Of course care must be used to have plenty of fine dirt around the roots, so that the tamping bar does not bruise or skin them. In setting a tree, especially in the spring, too much care cannot be used to get the soil firm around the roots. It should be as solid as a gate post, with the soil loose at the top of the ground.

Distance Between Apple Trees.
The effect of distance between apple trees, set about 1880, was recently studied in its relation to yield. The following four-year averages were found:

Distance	Yield per acre
10 feet	1.25
12 feet	1.50
14 feet	1.75
16 feet	2.00

All of which goes to show, says Farm Journal, that it does not pay to set trees too close together.

MARKETING FRUIT.

As to Picking the Fruit Before It Has Ripened—Packages for the Fruit.

A. L. Hatch, in an address before the Wisconsin State Horticultural society, said:

There is a general impression that to keep fruit well, fruit should be picked before it is fully matured. It is true that dead-ripe fruit does not market well and soft fruit is at a discount in all markets. It is also true that some fruits, like strawberries, will color up and become apparently ripe in two days or less. With some fruits, notably the apple and peach, my observation and experience are that they keep best if fully grown and well colored when picked. Not only this, but green fruit will never become of good quality and is often extremely poor. If you do not believe this, try it on your Wealthy apples.

No fruit can mature unless the tree or plant upon which it grows has good, healthy foliage the entire growing season; hence one necessity for spraying.

Another essential in marketing fruit is to prevent bruising. This means careful handling and transporting from the first to the last of the life of the fruit. It means taking the fruit directly from the plant or tree to the package in which it goes to market, with the least possible handling.

In apples I have already sorted as I picked and packed at once in the orchard. Of course, I continue sorting all fruit as long as it is in sight, always throwing out imperfect fruits until the package is ready to cover.

In packing I have used barrels, bushel baskets and boxes for apples. For home market where packages can be returned bushel boxes are convenient and best, but for shipment I prefer barrels. For plums I know of nothing better than one-fifth bushel baskets, with side slatted, raised cover with slats set somewhat closer than for peaches. For cherries, blackberries, strawberries, gooseberries and currants I prefer the 16-quart crate with wooden boxes. For raspberries I use 24-quart crates.

Where reasonable contracts can be made with reliable grocers and merchants, and where deliveries can be made with reasonable certainty, that method of marketing is usually satisfactory. But whatever method of marketing is adopted, the shipper and grower should have telephone connection with their markets and full information about their market at the latest possible moment before every shipment.

PRUNING TREES.

Advice as to Just the Way to Do It and the Things to Avoid—The Best Time.

Here are a few hints about trimming trees:

Cherry trees, after the first few years and when the head is formed, need practically no pruning. Simply cut out dead or crossed limbs.

Peach trees need much trimming. Cut back at least one-half of the new growth each season, and thin out the center of the head.

Apples, pears, plums and quinces require moderate pruning each year. Avoid cutting off large limbs. If possible, cover all wounds with thick paint.

Broad, low-down trees are easier to spray, thin, pick and trim. Cut out those high tops!

Compact, low trees suffer less from storms.

"Prune in June for fruitfulness, in the spring for wood." This is a wise old saw. But most farmers are too busy with other work in June; consequently spring is usually most convenient, and so the larger proportion of orchardists do their pruning in February or March. But remember there is great merit in June pruning.

When cutting off fair-size limbs, says the Farm Journal, saw the underside of the limb about one-third of the way through, or till the saw begins to pinch, and then saw on top about one-half inch from the underside; and when sawed down almost to the underside the limb will break off and not peel down the side of the tree.

The illustrations give the idea, but please remember that in actual practice the cuts should be nearer the main trunk than shown in pictures. No stub should be left; saw off the upper projection. Write to the United States department of agriculture and ask for free Farmers' Bulletin No. 181, entitled "Pruning."

Improving Dairy Cows.
Most of our farmers keep their best cows and raise the heifers from them to take the place of those culled out from time to time. When a good animal is available at a reasonable price, purchases are made occasionally. In my opinion the best means of improving the quality of our dairy cows is to breed them only to pure-bred sires, descending from prolific milkers, care being taken to secure sires from one breed only. By a careful selection of the progeny from such sires a good herd of cows is soon established. The occasional addition to the herd of some outstanding heifer or cow if procurable at reasonable prices is certainly to be recommended.—John Michels, Clemson College, South Carolina.

Good farm butter is not made by accident.

We need more skill in farm butter-making.

It is possible to keep a cow always clean.

NOT AN UNMIXED BLESSING

Thoughtfulness of a Wife Provided Conveniences That Were Inconvenient.

Mr. Bennett was about to leave town for a week's vacation, and his wife was helping him pack his suitcase. "Here, George," said she, beaming with the consciousness of a good deed done, "is a nice little line of soap, and here are two others, one for your collar and one for your cuffs. This long one with the ribbon bows is for your ties. They'll keep everything so nice and clean."

"Yes," agreed George, "they will." "And this," continued the thoughtful Mrs. Bennett, "is a little case for your handkerchiefs, with a violet sachet inside; and here are two others, lined with oil-silk, for your wash-cloth and bath sponge."

"What's this pillow-case thing?" asked interested George, holding up a large white bag.

"Why, that's to put your starched shirts in, dear. See, it's just the length of your suit case—I measured to get it just right."

"I see," said George, thoughtfully. "Any more?"

"Yes, indeed. I've been planning for this trip for weeks. This blue denim case is for your overshoes, and this striped one is for your slippers. This one with the cunning little button and buttonhole is for your whisk-broom, and these others, embroidered with forget-me-nots, are for your comb and your military brushes. This larger case is for your nightshirt, here's another for your razors, and a little long one is for your toothbrush. I'd like to make a case for your soiled linen but—"

Just at this moment Mrs. Bennett was called downstairs. When she returned, half an hour later, George was sitting on the side of the bed among his personal belongings and gazing disconsolately at the bulging sides of his suit case.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, looking at the array on the bed, "you haven't packed a single thing!"

"Yes, I have," replied George, mopping his brow. "I succeeded in getting all those cases into that suit case, but there isn't room for any of my clothes."

Factory Worked by Spiders.
The spider-web gown may soon be a reality, for the threads of thousands of spiders are being carefully gathered up, wound and woven into shimmering silken fabrics. On the island of Madagascar this old industry is carried on under the direct management of the governor, who has been appointed by the French authorities manager of what is perhaps the strangest factory in the world. Here spiders toil day and night and die from overwork and from ignorance on the part of the attendants. Therein lies the chief difficulty. The spider seems perfectly willing to spin out in the mango groves of its native land, but it grows sulky when transplanted to the specially-prepared cells in the silk-spinning factory of Madagascar.

Boil-Weevil Dying Out.
A Louisiana commission reports that the boil-weevil, so much feared a year ago, is no longer a terror in that state. In two parishes which it had invaded heavy rains and cold weather have practically exterminated it, and the farmers who planted early-maturing cotton to avoid its ravages find that the early crops yield more to the acre than the old varieties.

Not Guilty.
Man of the House—Why don't you try to earn a living, you lazy vagabond, instead of begging it? Saymond Storey—Mister, if beggin' a livin' from tellers like you ain't earnin' it, I don't know wot is.—Chicago Tribune.

Such a Wag.
"Are you a weather prophet?" "No," answered the umbrella salesman, jocosely and confidentially, "I am the man who collects the weather profit."—Washington Star.

Good Guess.
Young Borem (in the parlor)—Tommy, does your sister know I am here?
Tommy—I think so. She told mamma this morning she had a presentiment that trouble was coming.—Stray Stories.

Deserved It.
"Hi!" whispered the stage villain, creeping stealthily away.
"I expected you would be," rejoined the callboy, making a bolt round the back of the stage.—Stray Stories.

THE MARKETS.
NEW YORK, April 2.

COTTON—Middle	12
Upland—Fair to Choice	12.50
Good to Choice	13.00
Extra	13.50
Low-Medium	12.00
Low-Extra	11.50

ST. LOUIS.	11 1/2
COTTON—Middle	11 1/2
Upland—Fair to Choice	11 1/2
Good to Choice	12 1/2
Extra	13 1/2
Low-Medium	10 1/2
Low-Extra	10 1/2

CHICAGO.	11 1/2
CATTLE—Native Steers	11 1/2
Good to Choice	11 1/2
Extra	12 1/2
Low-Medium	10 1/2
Low-Extra	10 1/2

KANSAS CITY.	11 1/2
CATTLE—Native Steers	11 1/2
Good to Choice	11 1/2
Extra	12 1/2
Low-Medium	10 1/2
Low-Extra	10 1/2

NEW ORLEANS.	11 1/2
CATTLE—Native Steers	11 1/2
Good to Choice	11 1/2
Extra	12 1/2
Low-Medium	10 1/2
Low-Extra	10 1/2

INDIANAPOLIS.	11 1/2
CATTLE—Native Steers	11 1/2
Good to Choice	11 1/2
Extra	12 1/2
Low-Medium	10 1/2
Low-Extra	10 1/2

ST. LOUIS.	11 1/2
CATTLE—Native Steers	11 1/2
Good to Choice	11 1/2
Extra	12 1/2
Low-Medium	10 1/2
Low-Extra	10 1/2

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NEW ORLEANS.	11 1/2
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Good to Choice	11 1/2
Extra	12 1/2
Low-Medium	10 1/2
Low-Extra	10 1/2

A CURE FOR DEBILITY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills A Reliable Remedy for the Weak, Ailing and Bloodless.

When the body is weak and the blood thin it is sometimes difficult to find the cause unless a wasting illness has preceded, or the sufferer happens to be a girl on the verge of womanhood.

Obscure influences, something unhealthful in one's surroundings or work, may lead to a slow impoverishment of the blood and an enfeeblement of the whole body. When a serious stage has been reached there seems to be nothing that will account for it.

Mr. C. E. Legg, of Tipton, W. Va., has found a successful method of treating weakness and bloodlessness. He says:

"I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for weakness caused by a lingering malarial fever that began in the spring of 1890. The worst effects of this were indigestion and a bad state of my blood. I was anemic, as the doctors say. People generally would say that I didn't have blood enough, or that I didn't have the right kind of blood. Mine was thin. My kidneys and liver were out of order. I was badly annoyed by sour risings from my stomach. There was a good deal of pain, too, in my back and under my right shoulder blade."

"How long did these troubles last?" "For over two years. For four months of that time I was under the care of a physician, but his medicine did me no good. Meanwhile I learned of the cure that had been wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You owe your cure to these pills?" "I certainly do, and I also know that they are helping others to whom I have recommended them. They have real merit and I know of nothing that would take their place."

For further information and valuable booklet address the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

Many a homesome and expensive trip to Florida, California or the Adirondacks has been saved by the use of

Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure. It's great remedy will not cure the cough, no medicine will, and then all hope rests in a change of climate—but try Kemp's Balsam first.

Sold by all dealers at 25c and 50c.

A Positive CURE FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and discharges a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c, at Druggists or by Mail. Full size 10c, by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

REVENGED ON THE JUDGE.

Rubber in the Turkish Bath Evened Up the Score with "His Honor."

In ordinary life he was a very important person. In short, he was a judge. He had a high position in the community, and his liver got out of order just the same as if he had been an ordinary mortal, and a brother-in-law had advised him to take a Turkish bath. It was a luxury he had not previously indulged in, and he noticed that the rubber was terribly sticky. He had been told that it was being punched, slapped and assaulted until he could stand the torture no longer.

"Never you mind; you're all right!" responded the rubber, repudiating his energy and vitality. "I'm a rubber, and I'm not a judge."

"Who said, groan, are you a judge?" "Who said, groan, are you a judge?" "Who said, groan, are you a judge?"

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CAVE HIM SPECIAL RATES.

Hotel Man Knew How to Please His Patrons and Benefit Himself.

It was one of those automatic hotels where, if you want anything you go and look for it, and don't find it, and where the landlord is a non est man until the next morning, when he says: "Two dollars, please." He never fails to be on hand then, unless a writer in talent.

"Now, my 'damagers' had sent me a little slip, giving me special rates of \$1.50 single, and \$1.25 double, and I thought it was a pretty good thing."

So in the morning I presented my little slip, saying:

"You gave us special rates, I believe. \$1.50 a day?" "Yah, dot, as right," answered mine host. "One dollar and a half is special."

"So I paid him 15 cents, on which he made at least \$1.30 and went my way, rejoicing as much as I could."

I strolled down to the depot with a commercial missionary, who seemed very much pleased about something, and presently in a very high state of ebullience, he said:

"Mr. Hawley, I laughed with you last night, but I had to laugh at you this morning."

"What's the joke?" I asked, for I didn't see what he was laughing at.

"That landlord gave you a special rate of \$1.50 per day, didn't he?" "He did, indeed."

"Well, that's the joke; his regular rates are one dollar a day."

WOULD BE KEPT ALIVE.

Man Wanted to Work Would Not Be Incapacitated for Doing the Same.

Samuel Gompers, the respected chief of the American Federation of Labor, was pointing out the good that unions had done for workmen.

In France he said, "there are few unions, and a French broker told me the other day that wages were, in consequence, unreasonably low."

"The broker said with a laugh that a friend of his in Nice out of work, bought on the Avenue de la Gare a new paper, and he took the paper home to his wife, and after turning to the advertisements, he said:

"All my life I had been troubled more or less with humor on my scalp, but about a year ago it became worse, and my scalp was covered with little warts, which did so it nearly made me crazy. My hair also began to go gray, and I felt that I was going to go bald. I tried all kinds of hair restorers with no effect, and I was nearly despairing, but I read in the paper of a cure for scalp diseases, and decided to make a trial. I got a bottle of Catarrh Cream Balm, and used it as directed, and in a few days the warts began to grow thick, I have used only one bottle of Cream Balm, and now I have a full head of hair, and my hair is as black and shiny as ever."

"When some get a new calendar," remarked the Observer of Events and Times, "they always look carefully through it to see if perhaps they have put their birthday at last letters."—Voxes Statesman.

To Cuba, Every Friday, the Havana Limited.
A swell Pullman train of dining car, club car with smoking room, bar car and bath room, with bar and bath in attending stateroom, drawing room and box of pleasure, leaving New York at 9:45 P. M. via the Mobile and Ohio R. R. and arrives at Havana at 5:00 P. M. Wednesday, and leaves at 10:00 P. M. Thursday, and arrives at St. Louis at 10:00 P. M. Saturday morning. A delightful week's outing—exclusive and full of interest. Low rate excursion tickets good for six months. Call on your home agent or write Jno. M. Beall, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

Overshooting the Mark.
Mrs. O'Brien—Pawt medicine did Mike find the best?
Mrs. Riley—Divil a know O know. He took so much of it he was sick for ten days after he got well.—Boston Transcript.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all drug stores. 25c. No substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Simple Life.
He guardedly—Do you believe the old saying that two can live as cheap as one?
She (unreservedly)—Yes, if they are a couple couple to begin with.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Lewis Single Binder straight 5c. gear. Made of straight 5c. gear. Your dealer or Lewis Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Just about the time a man gets comfortably fixed in his favorite chair with the evening newspaper, his wife thinks of what some caller told her during the day.

WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused It to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 10th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert

restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their women friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped in the stove, gradually filling a grove of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkhams sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprising woman and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice, and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results, were recorded for future reference, and today these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of women's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its original passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the world shows when the mother of Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With women assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health," freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from simple roots and herbs, the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to

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